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SIDNEY DEACON, SIDNEY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLOSE AND PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1763.

Pictures of Life.

ALWYN'S FIRST WIFE.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

CHAPTER I.

You—the loved kiss—

It was the thing which has happened over and over again—which will do so to everlasting, whilst the world endures. Almost the oddest thing which can happen in the life of a woman: he only liked her—he loved him.

I use these impersonals in commencing, because they seem to come naturally to writing of the two—especially, I think, to a man—and these, and for years after, the most important things in my circle of existence—my brother, Alwyn Reid, and Marjory Blair. He lived with me, varying his travel as a teacher of languages to our country neighborhood; she was invalid. At least it was that at first; gradually I found he had gained the footing of a friend in the house. Old Mr. and Mrs. Blair were simple people; fonder even than grandparents are proverbially affianced to be. They liked everybody who liked Marjory.

And Alwyn did like—as I doubt not his manners openly told at the farm, for he was a warm-hearted, impulsive, and demonstrative fellow, that he liked Miss Marjory very much indeed.

She was the first woman he had known intimately, that is, for whom she had youth, grace and a cultivated mind; and at his age all women are angels. I feel sure that, for a little space, his fancy had built up the shadow of an ideal over the simple manners and mild, expressive face of Marjory Blair. For a big and a half he even contented with me that she was handsome. However, that notion faded away, and he contented himself with considering that it was her sort which made her beautiful, since in her were combined the finer kind of beauty and the most natural nature he had ever found in a woman. He used to talk of her qualities, taking her to pieces, examining them, and then putting them together, proclaiming continually her perfections, and ever ending with the kind face. At first I was uneasy for his sake, remembering that Mr. Blair was a rich farmer, and my brother but the father of what is called "prospects." From a keener observation, I grew satisfied on his score.

That things went on for a whole summer, it was not until the fall of the year that I, myself, was formally called to the farm.

Coming home, after having for a long evening watched Alwyn and Marjory, I found him from my own mind the conclusion, which after-wards became only too clear, thinking it only right to myself that I should be responsible for another's peace.

"Alwyn," I said, "you are in love with Miss Blair."

He laughed, and then began talking of how far she had got in Italian, and how in their lessons this morning, Petrarch's description of Laura had seemed to him scarcely like Marjory.

"Did you tell her so?"

"I don't remember—yes, I think I did. Why not? It really was very like her. I could not help it: could I now?"

I glanced at my brother, earnest face, or free from all a young man's self-conceit with regard to women.

"Oh, no," I said; yet my heart sighed—"Poor Marjory!"

All love-matters are more or less alike: it is just the same thing repeated in different forms every time it is told the second, third, and last end. The world would weary of it surely, save that the perpetually throbbing universal heart of the young generation is ever fresh, ever beautiful, and makes it always new.

People who have seen much, and been a lifetime of terms, can read all chimes, changes, and cause, sometimes ended by the will of fate, sometimes going out like a candle that burns down; rarely it ever growing to be a light to lighten the world. Yet we have all, more or less, thought we ought always to be—I mean to view these things differently, and it seems both idle and rather unkindly to ourselves to blame them at all.

This innocent, and love-tale of Master Blair I watched, week by week, till the end—and I mean to one end—I never watched it at all. Whether or no the parties concerned suspected the truth, and of themselves of each other, it was quite impossible to divine.

Alwyn was very quiet, composed, and silent, that is what I noticed. I was in question whether any love anxieties pity had not exaggerated the feelings—whether he was not in love at all? For Alwyn, he went on praising her to me in the most indefatigable and earnest way, but then he was the same, of nearly the same, strong moment, with whose loving simplicity he warmly admired, but whose loving a single one.

I repeat, he was not to blame. I, his sister, who he declared loved him best and judged him hardest of any one alive, say so. He was handsome, gay, ignorant of care. His way, in the highest degree, the poetic eclectic temperament, which feels the necessity of selecting from a variety of models, attracted by what is found in one woman, rare in another, and lovely in a third, and is therefore not down by the mere manner of dull half of the world as coarse, flashy liker and inconsistent. I do not join in that line and cry. It is constant to the one inward truth of its nature—its ideal of abstract perfection constantly pursued and seldom found.

SO MANY MEDICAL BOOKS I CAN'T SUPPLY
Which question reminds me how very much better thither has expressed this fact than I. All that I need is to defend my brother Alwyn, and all men of his type, from wholesale blind accusation of inconstancy and heartlessness in love. The error is in using the word "love" so wild, so vague, so full of the imagined or fancy. I need to count on my fingers Alwyn's "sweethearts," and smile at his fancied adorations, as, truly I do, over sins and mad like errors in the tide. I know that the great deep one of his manhood's love lay calm and still below them all.

The question was whether the time was come, and the man. Would Miss Blair be she? I doubted. She was not beautiful enough—a man like Alwyn, more than most men, requires a degree of absolute beauty in a wife. Poor Marjory, with her small sickly-face, was often plain—when she was changed so as to alter or look of his would sometimes, for an hour or day, transform her into another person, a creature of brightness and joy; again another chance word and all the light was gone out of her face, became a pale mystery, ordinary girl. At such times, on going home, Alwyn would say to me, "Really, I never saw a woman alter like Miss Blair. How very plain she looked on Friday night."

Poor little Marjory!

For my brother, he was utterly unconscious, silently! Never was there a young man more simple-minded, more free from self-conceit. I am only a man, and cannot understand in a woman's way. "I can't marry; everybody knows it. It will be at least ten years before I can venture to look at her with serious, therefore I am safe enough."

And I truly think he believed so. It never crossed his mind that, from his pure goodness and singleness of character, to any nothing of his other qualities, could a woman learn to love come to love him.

Have I set out strongly—I hope not to prove unto any one, calmly and impartially viewing the matter, that no wrong could be laid at Alwyn's door?

Thus the year went round.

Alwyn and I spent a rather dreary Christmas. We knew not how it was, but his pupils and the father of one of them had left us. There was a thinly populated district, and I found no other children replacing the little boys who, one after the other, were removed to be sent to grammar and foundation-schools. I speculated, between the lines of my brother's letters to Miss Blair, on the possibility of opening a boarding-school.

But then I should have to get rid of you, Alwyn?"

[illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

times and recovered, it seemed almost like a supernatural warning.

"Are you sure it was no fancy? Have you seen her before?"

"Not for thirty years, until now. These five nights she has come and stood there." He pointed to the foot of the bed. "She looks so calm, smiling, and glad. She is as young as ever, whilst—"

Alas, his white head, his withered, feeble hands!

While he was speaking, Mrs. Reid and Margaret came in, and we were silent.

They wished me to go to bed; but a foreboding, impossible to conquer, kept me in Alwyn's room.

It was fulfilled. At six in the morning my brother died.

His wife, his sons and daughters were all surrounding him on either side the bed. At its foot no one was standing. Just when we thought he was gone, he opened his eyes and fixed them steadily *there*.

"Mar—Mar—" He tried in vain to utter the name.

"Go to him, Margaret, my love," sobbed Mrs. Reid. "Go and kiss your dear father."

He heard, and faintly turned to receive the embrace of his wife and daughter. Then, turning away from both, he stretched his hands, with a bright dying smile to the place where *no one stood*, and faltered out distinctly, as if answering to a call, the words—

"Yes, Marjery."

He never spoke again.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in *advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00 "
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20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in British North America must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names *for* a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-[illegible], will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its THIRTY-FOURTH year, and has between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, &c. *Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood will write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

THE ONEIDA SISTERS, by Grace Greenwood,

MARK, THE SEXTON, by Mrs. Denison,

THE NABOB'S WILL, by Grace Greenwood,

NANCY SELWYN; OR, THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING, by Mary Irving.

VIVIA, A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

ALWYN'S *First Wife*.—We did not like to break this beautiful and pathetic story, and so publish it entire, though it occupies more room than we generally allow to fiction. Read it—we think you will like it. Its title and first appearance suggest somewhat what is usually called a "love-sick" story, but it is something very different from that. Of course it has to do with love, but so have all the deepest spiritual facts of life. As Thekla sings—

> "I have lived and have loved, and that was to-day;
> Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow."

THE MORMONS.—These gentlemen, and their leaders, do not fancy at all the recent appointment of Col. Steptoe as Governor. Brigham Young, in a recent harrangue, said that Congress had no right, under the Constitution, to interfere with Polygamy. He will find that he is mistaken upon this point. The Constitution was enacted, among other things, "to preserve *domestic tranquillity*;" and how can there be "domestic tranquillity" where there is more than one wife in a dwelling? We grant there is nothing especially said against Polygamy in the Constitution; but neither is there against Piracy, nor the Burning of Wives with the dead bodies of their Husbands, or the Sacrifice of Human Beings to Idols, or many other abominations. Brigham will find that while a Territory is a Territory, it is subject to the laws made by Congress—and that when a Territory asks to be admitted as a State, Congress may refuse to bestow State Sovereignty upon it, except upon condition that it shall never tolerate Polygamy within its borders.

PROGRESS.—It is worthy, as the Prize Exhibitions say, of "honorable mention," that the Blackstone Manufacturing Company, at Blackstone, Massachusetts, has erected a school-house at a cost of $15,000, and undertaken the support of a first-class school. Of course this is not expected to "pay"—except in the higher sense of the word. This is an indication of true progress—from Mammon worship, Zion-ward. The discerning are beginning to see that true religion does not confine itself to the church and the religious meeting, but enters into, spiritualizes, and ennobles all the daily business of men. Trade, manufactures, politics, all must be made, and *only* can be made, clean, honest, and pure, through the regenerating influence, not of a narrow and pharisaical sectarianism, but of a true and living religious faith.

DYSPEPSIA.—Bran, simply dry bran, taken at the rate of a couple of table spoonfuls a day, is said to be a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia, in cases where the disease is not owing to any organic derangement. It is easily tried, and perfectly harmless, to say the least. Try it—especially ye who have been living too much on fine white flour.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

As was generally expected, the Vienna Conference has dissolved without coming to a satisfactory settlement, and the solving of the Eastern Question is to be left to the uncertain results of war. This Conference, and the other [illegible] of the Allies, probably [illegible] to [illegible] the aid of Austria—but that faithless power, it is now stated, has avowed her intention to maintain her neutrality. If so, it must awaken a feeling of deep indignation against her, both in France and England—and the result may be a widening of the principles and issues of the war, not originally contemplated.

At the last advices, the bombardment against Sebastopol had recommenced, and been continued eight days, with redoubled fury. The Allies say with considerable success—the Russians report with very little. One fact however strikes us as somewhat significant—of seven Russian Admirals who were in Sebastopol when the siege began, only two remain alive; three having been killed, and two died of camp fever. Is it probable that the superior officers have thus suffered, and yet that the losses of the garrison are insignificant?

By this time, probably, the attempt has been made to storm the city. Whatever was the result of that attempt, doubtless it was attended on both sides with the most terrible slaughter. Alas, that nations professing Christianity should, in this nineteenth century, be unable to compose their differences without resorting to the cannon and the bayonet. But, as we learn from the Revelations of St. John, the hand of violence shall raise itself until a very late period of the history of the world. For even *after* the thousand years of the millennial era, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall gather Gog and Magog to battle against the faithful followers of the Lamb. And they shall compass the camp of the saints about, and the beloved City—but fire shall come down from God out of heaven and devour them; superseding at last all necessity on the part of the righteous to resort to the terrible munitions of war.

One of the most interesting and significant portions of the late news is the account we have of the reception of the Emperor and Empress of France in England. Strange as it appears, there can be no doubt of the enthusiastic nature of that reception—not only on the part of the aristocracy but of the people. To explain how it is, that Louis Napoleon, the adventurer, the perjured President, the unscrupulous Despot, should have evidently made a deep and favorable impression upon the masses of the English people, is a task from which even a philosopher might be allowed to recoil. Certainly it could not be the mere vulgar admiration of success—or arise from the fact that France and England are now banded together for the first time, and in a most momentous conflict. And yet, can it be owing to the great fact—that, with all his perjuries and other sins, he is still the man of the people; not dependent for his high eminence upon any royal pedigree, but upon the fact that his uncle was the choice of the people of France, above any of the ancient line of Bourbon; and who in honoring the nephew, are vindicating their conduct in honoring the uncle? Whether it be so or not, the letter-writers relate that the countenances both of the phlegmatic Emperor and his beautiful consort indicated plainly their delight at the unexpected enthusiasm displayed by the people—an enthusiasm said to exceed that ever bestowed upon any other royal visitor to England.

The address of Louis Napoleon, on his reception by the great municipality of London, may be considered an important state paper. Instead of the empty commonplace usual on such occasions, he said:

> My Lord Mayor—After the cordial reception I have experienced from the Queen, nothing could affect me more deeply than the sentiments towards the Empress and myself, to which you, my Lord Mayor, have given expression on the part of the city of London; for London represents the available resources which a world-wide commerce affords both for civilization and for war. Flattering as are your praises, I accept them, because they are addressed much more to France than to myself; they are addressed to a nation whose interests are to-day everywhere identical with your own. (Applause.) They are addressed to an army and navy united to yours by a heroic companionship in danger and in glory; (renewed applause;) they are addressed to the policy of the two governments, which is based on truth, on moderation, and on justice. For myself, I have retained, on the throne, the same sentiments of sympathy and esteem for [illegible] enjoyed here the hospitality of your Queen; and, if I have acted in accordance with my convictions, it is that the interest of the nation which has chosen me, no less than that of universal civilization, has made it a duty. Indeed, England and France are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean—from the Baltic to the Black Sea—from the desire to abolish slavery, to our hopes for the amelioration of all the countries of Europe—I see in the moral as in the political world, for our two nations but one course and one end. (Applause.)
>
> It is, then, only by unworthy considerations and pitiful rivalries that our union could be dissevered. If we follow the dictates of common sense alone, we shall be sure of the future. (Loud applause.) You are right in interpreting my presence among you as a fresh and convincing proof of my energetic cooperation in the prosecution of the war, if we fail in obtaining an honorable peace. (Applause.) Should we so fail, although our difficulties may be great, we may surely count on a successful result; for not only are our soldiers and sailors of tried valor,—not only do our two countries possess within themselves unrivalled resources—but above all—and here lies their superiority—it is because they are in the van of all generous and enlightened ideas. The eyes of all who suffer, instinctively turn to the West. Thus our two nations are even more powerful from the opinions they represent, than by the armies and fleets they have at their command. (Great applause.) I am deeply grateful to your Queen for affording me this solemn opportunity of expressing to you my sentiments, and those of France, of which I am the interpreter. I thank you in my own name and that of the Empress, for the frank and hearty cordiality with which you have received us. We shall take back with us to France the lasting impression made on minds thoroughly able to appreciate it, of the imposing spectacle which England presents, where virtue on the throne directs the destinies of a country under the empire of a liberty without danger to its grandeur."

There are indications in the above speech, that the prospect of aid from Austria has been abandoned; and that the conflict hereafter is to become more prominently a war of opinions—of the comparatively liberal religious and political ideas of Western Europe, against the despotic ideas of the East. That such a war can take place without its reacting influence upon Western Europe itself, seems scarcely probable. Louis Napoleon can hardly fail to see this; but he may base his reliance upon the belief that both himself, and his Government, are acceptable to a large majority of the people of France, and the latter such as best suits their peculiar character. Thinking this, he may not hesitate to adopt a course of policy which will unsettle every throne based on mere prerogative in Europe. But these are only guesses—the Future alone can solve with certainty the riddle.

ROWDYISM PUNISHED.—Grice Smith, of Castle Widenham, Ireland, a gentleman of high position and large fortune, has been sentenced to hard labor on the treadmill for a month, for tearing down the gates of several gentlemen and wrenching off knockers.

Sentencing a gentleman of high position and large fortune to the treadmill, simply for tearing down a gate and wrenching off knockers!—such a thing could not be done in republican America. It is only the laws of aristocratic Britain which justify such a harsh punishment for the venial offences of a gentleman of wealth and position. Why, in some parts of the country, a gentleman would not be sent to the treadmill even for *shooting* an unoffending fellow-citizen—much less only pulling down his gate. Aristocratic government, that of Britain!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—The May number of this periodical is rich in contributions from writers of acknowledged talent. "The Pet Lamb," by Grace Greenwood, is a prettily-told story; and under the head of "Countries I Have Seen," we have an interesting description of a trip from Dublin to Cork, and a visit to Blarney Castle. Among the contributors to this number are Lucy Larcom, James W. Wall, and J. T. Fields. We have seldom seen a periodical intended for children which succeeds so well in its object as "The Little Pilgrim." Many have an idea that it is an easy task to instruct and amuse young people—but in reality to conduct such a paper properly, is quite an arduous undertaking. We heartily rejoice at the success which this paper has attained, the more so as it is merited.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Eighth Annual Meeting commenced at the Musical Fund Hall, on Tuesday, 1st inst. The Convention was more largely attended than at any previous period, having on the last day over five hundred and twenty three members present. Much important business was transacted, and many public institutions visited. On Friday evening it adjourned sine die. Detroit is the place chosen for the next annual meeting. The Convention is said to have been conducted with much ability and dignity.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1855.

General News.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC—BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL—THE VIENNA CONFERENCE ENDED.

By the Atlantic, we have Liverpool dates to the 21st ult.—being nine days' later news:

The conference is in its last agony. Russia absolutely refuses to assent to the limitation of her power in the Black Sea, but offers to permit the maintenance of a Turkish armament equal to her own on Black Sea waters, provided the fleet of no other nation have the right of entree. France and England, after vainly insisting on the unconditional reduction of the Russian power, admit that Russia's propositions are "worthy of consideration," the more so that Austria has definitely refused to second the Western powers in their "humiliating demands" on the Czar. It is now generally conceded, although reluctantly, that the utmost to be expected from Austria is the maintenance of a strict neutrality. Lord John Russell and Drouyn de l'Huys had been ordered home.

The new British loan of £16,000,000 sterling has been all taken by the Rothschilds, on the terms of £100 in 3 per cent. consols, and a terminable annuity of 14s. 6d. for thirty years for every £100 subscribed. There is already a deficiency of £23,000,000 sterling to be met, on which account additional taxation is to be laid on sugar, tea, coffee, rum, British spirits, stamps, and incomes.

AUSTRIA REFUSES TO URGE THE CLAIMS OF THE ALLIES AGAINST RUSSIA.—All hopes of Austria taking the field against Russia appear [illegible]

[illegible] by Austria, on the 8th instant, that the blockade maintained for the last two years along the frontiers of Lombardy, had been raised on that day, in consequence of the ratification by the Cabinet of Vienna, of the Convention concluded at Milan on the 18th of March last, between Austria and the Canton of Ticino.

The flooring of a room in the Convent of St. Agnes, where the Pope had assembled a number of guests, gave way, and precipitated all the company into the apartment below. The Pope escaped with but slight injury. Cardinal Antonelli, Cardinal Patrizi and General de Montreal, received some hurts. A similar accident occurred, says history, to Pope Alexander II.

Cardinal Wiseman is to be librarian of the Vatican, in room of the deceased Cardinal Mai.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, April 21.—Brown, Shipley & Co. report a fair demand throughout the week, with more steadiness for the last two days. The sales of the week ending the 19th, were 49,000 bales. The sales on Friday and Saturday were 20,000 bales, of which 12,000 bales were taken by the trade. The market on Saturday closed steadily.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

STEAM ALOFT AND NONE BELOW.—The British steamship Brisbane, sixty-two days from Glasgow, of and for Sydney, N. S. W., was spoken 15th ult., lat. 6 South, lon. 34 40, by Capt. Hall, of the whale ship Natchez, at New Bedford. The steamer was in a very bad situation, the captain having been intoxicated all the time since leaving port. Her chronometer was broken and they had no latitude or longitude. There was no steam on, and the vessel was drifting ten or fifteen miles to leeward every day.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The information received from the Genesee valley is that the wheat crop looks promising, and scarcely ever appeared better. A large increase of ground has been planted with every seed and esculent that gives sustenance to man. Stock has been wintered well, and a great business will be done in the dairy department the coming season. From Illinois, Missouri and Ohio, the accounts of the agricultural prospects are all cheering, notwithstanding some reports to the contrary from the two last mentioned States. In the northern part of Grand Prairie, Illinois, one of the finest wheat-growing regions in the world, the fields present a glorious appearance.

A delicate surgical operation was performed a few days since by Dr. Jewett, of New Haven, who extracted a cent from the pit of the stomach of a lad who had accidentally swallowed it. The successful operation was performed after several other physicians had tried in vain to extract the coin—which, when brought out of the boy's stomach, was bright as if newly polished, though when it was swallowed it was very dark and much corroded. The lad is doing well.

The New York Times says that Sarah Jane Williams, a young woman 20 years of age, was arrested recently, in Greenwich street, by officer Martin, of the Third Ward, for walking the streets in male attire. Sarah Jane states that she takes care of the offices in the building No. 161 Broadway; some of the gentlemen having left a suit of clothes there, she embraced the opportunity to have a little adventure. The garments fitted to a nicety, and with the addition of a slouched hat, in the language of the actor, she was "well made up for the character;" but the argus eye of the officer detected some imperfection, and the young woman, although reluctantly, consented to accompany him to the Station House, where she remained for the night.

SETTLING AN ESTATE.—The Omaha Indians [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

OFFICIAL RETURNS OF PHILADELPHIA CITY ELECTION.—Morton, K. N., elected City Treasurer by 422 majority; Hill, K. N., City Commissioner, 197 majority; Guardians of the Poor, 13 K. N.'s and 8 Dem.; Prison Inspectors, 16 K. N.'s and 8 Dem.; Board of Health, 17 K. N., 7 Dem.; Select Council, 9 Dem. and Reform, 4 K N; Common Council, 41 Americans, 34 Dem. and 2 Whigs.

MAINE.—The Mayors of the several cities of Maine have issued proclamations directing the rigid enforcement of the Liquor Law.

VERMONT.—The good people of Walden, Vt., not satisfied with voting down the K. N.'s at the recent election, have arrested the leader of the order in that town, and had him bound over for trial for violating the statute of the State, against the administration of extra judicial oaths. He is to be tried in June.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Governor Gardner has vetoed the bill making a grant of a State loan for $1,000,000 to the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad Company.

In the House of Delegates, on the 1st inst., Mr. Black submitted a preamble and resolutions concerning the invasion of Kansas by armed Missourians, and calling upon the Executive of Missouri to prevent a repetition of these outrages. They also call upon the President to take instant and effective measures for sustaining the sovereignty of Kansas against violence, and pledging on the part of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts the necessary aid, with the whole power of the Governor, to Kansas and the people of that or any State or Territory in support of constitutional rights, by whomsoever infringed.

A similar resolution was introduced into the Senate on the 2d inst.

The Know Nothing State Convention met on the evening of the 2d, and was largely attended. Governor Gardner and Senator Henry Wilson are among the delegates appointed to attend the Know Nothing Convention to be held in Philadelphia in June. A. B. Ely made an anti-slavery Know Nothing speech. The following resolutions were passed unanimously, and it was generally admitted that the Order must take position upon the anti-slavery platform.

Resolved, That while the American Party of Massachusetts fully recognises the right of the States to regulate their own domestic affairs, we claim and shall under all circumstances exercise the right [illegible]

FROM UTAH.—Advices from Utah to the 1st of March, state that Col. Steptoe's appointment as Governor, to succeed Brigham Young, had caused great discontent, and petitions were in circulation, praying for the reappointment of Gov. Young.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots OF DEXTER & BROTHERS, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York. OF FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass. OF MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala. OF J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. OF HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md. OF F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn. OF S. W. PEASE & Co., 28 [illegible] St., Cincinnati.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1855.

REMARKS.—The weather has been clear and pleasant during the past week, and business has been moderately active. The demand for Bark has fallen off, but prices remain without change. Breadstuffs have been dull, and for Flour, Wheat and Corn, prices have declined. The receipts continue small, but there is no export demand, and the supplies are fully equal to the wants of the home trade. Cotton has been exceedingly quiet, but there appears no disposition to submit to any concession in prices. Coal continues to come forward very freely, and meets with a steady demand at former rates. Coffee is rather quiet, but Sugar and Molasses have been in good demand, and prices are looking up. In Fish and Fruit no change. No transactions in Hemp or Hides. Iron—There is a better feeling, and rather more inquiry. In Lead nothing doing for want of stock to operate in. Lumber is arriving more freely, but prices remain without change. In Naval Stores and Oils there is a steady business doing. Provisions are in fair demand at full rates. Rice is held firmly at the late advance. Seeds are quiet, the season for Clover being over. Tobacco is held firmly. Wool is quiet. Freights are dull both to foreign and coastwise ports.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been [illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 5.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 41 and 43 S. Third St.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion. Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

CIRCULATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND NINETY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

PUBLIC SALE OF 20 THOROUGH BRED DEVON CATTLE.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC VENDUE On Wednesday, May 30, 1855, [illegible]

JOHN C. DEACON, CHRISTOPHER RIGG, Administrators. Burlington, April 27, 1855.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED.—"Equal to the very best of Dickens' Efforts." "BOOTS!" OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF PETER FABER, and other Sketches. By the late Joseph C. Neal. Author of "Charcoal Sketches," "Peter Ploddy," &c. With Illustrations by Darley. Done up in an elegant illuminated cover. Price 50 cents.

CONTENTS:

"Boots!" Or, the Misfortunes of Peter Faber. "The Man that Danced the Polka, or, the Oak and the Violet." Perry Winkle, or, "Just What I Expected." The Morel of Goliath Greene, who was born to a Fortune. Johnny Jumpup, the Rising Son. [illegible]

SECOND EDITION NOW READY. BLACK DIAMONDS; OR, HUMOR, SATIRE AND SENTIMENT, TREATED SCIENTIFICALLY. [illegible]

"For Truth—Our Country, and the Slave." OUR WORLD. 600 Pages, 12mo., 10 Illustrations, Price $1,25. THAT THIS EXCITING STORY should arouse the LIVELIEST INTEREST AND DEEPEST FEELING, is natural and obvious—it relates to THE GREAT QUESTION which so deeply engrosses the minds and hearts of all our people. Its characters, incidents and scenes, are all OUR OWN, AND OF OUR TIME. It is truly and effectively written; and the Truth of History and the Charms of Romance hasten its pages at once CAPTIVATING AND CONVINCING. It shows the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon THREE MILLION SLAVES! and the bondage in which the Slave-power attempts to hold TWENTY MILLION FREEMEN! "As a literary work, it is superior to Uncle Tom's Cabin. [illegible]" —Buffalo Express. "We have never read a fictitious story which so completely engrossed one's attention from commencement to close."—Boston Evening Gazette. ☞ For Sale by all Booksellers. ☞ Copies sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. MILLER, ORTON & MULLIGAN, Publishers, 25 Park Row, New York, and 107 Genesee Street, Auburn.

☞ Now Ready to send by Mail. MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE MISSING BRIDE. BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Author of "The Lost Heiress," is now ready to send by mail, free of postage, to all, on receipt of remittances, and will be for sale at the stores in a few days. Price $1,25 in cloth, or $1 in paper cover. Booksellers, News Agents, and all others, will please send in their orders at once to the Publisher. T. B. PETERSON, No. 102 CHESNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA. And their orders will be filled in advance of the day of publication. It makes a book of 512 pages, uniform with "The Lost Heiress."

Will be Published about the 20th of May, A NEW AMERICAN STORY OF PECULIAR INTEREST. BLANCHE DEARWOOD: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE. [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED STATES [illegible]

ENGLISH CARPETS. [illegible]

SENSATION BOOKS! [illegible]

WOMAN IN THE 19th CENTURY BY THE LATE MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. [illegible] JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., PUBLISHERS, 117 Washington Street, Boston.

FIRST PREMIUM SEWING MACHINES! GROVER, BAKER & CO.'S PATENT. [illegible]

YE SHAKERS READ!!! [illegible]

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. A. WINCH, 116 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA. [illegible]

LET THIS BE YOUR GUIDE! LIST OF PRICES OF $200,000 Worth of SPLENDID ENGLISH CARPETS AT HIRAM ANDERSON'S, No. 99 BOWERY, NEW YORK. TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS, VIZ: [illegible]

SEND for a new PERIODICAL LIST, (Mailed gratis and post-paid,) of over 100 Magazines and Papers, supplied at a great reduction, by F. D. [illegible] New York.

STEADY EMPLOYMENT AND GOOD WAGES. WANTED a number of active men in every section of the Union to act as Agents and canvassers for a number of very popular and valuable Books. [illegible] WM. WHITE SMITH, Publisher, 195 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

FOREST GROVE HOUSE, SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN, NEW JERSEY.—This delightful watering place will open on the first of June for the reception of guests. [illegible] DAVID [illegible], Proprietor.

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS! THE SUBSCRIBERS keep constantly on hand and for sale a very large assortment of Bells suitable for Churches, Factories, Steamboats, Locomotives, Plantations, &c. &c. [illegible] A. MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, New York.

TO ENGINEERS AND SURVEYORS.—The subscribers have constantly on hand Theodolites, Transits, Compasses, Levels and Compasses, [illegible] A. MENEELY'S SONS, West Troy, New York.

OIL CLOTHS! [illegible]

RHODES'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE. [illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED German Bitters, [illegible] DR. C. M. JACKSON, [illegible]

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES [illegible]

A DISSERTATION, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL, [illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG. [illegible]

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER, [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED! [illegible] "DANGER IN THE DARK!!!" [illegible]

ATTENTION, PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC MEN. [illegible]

PUBLIC NOTICE! HEGEMAN, CLARK & CO.'S GENUINE COD LIVER OIL. [illegible]

Original Poetry.

FLOWERS IN THE MARKET PLACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

Original Sketch.

SKETCHES

From the Diary of the Wife of a Western Physician.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

FISHES AND THEIR MIGRATIONS.

[illegible]

THE SULTAN'S VISIT.

[illegible]

Rural Scenes.

Isabella.—Well, aunt, how did you like Philadelphia? I suppose you had a delightful time?

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint).—Oh, yes, love, delightful indeed! We went to the top of Fairmount on Tuesday, and to the roof of Girard's College on Wednesday, and up the State-House Steeple on Thursday—but I think altogether I prefer the quiet of the country.

Adapted from Punch.

Selected Articles.

WE ARE NOT A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

Foreigner.—Is it true, as Napoleon said, that you English are a "Nation of Shopkeepers?"

Englishman.—There never was a greater calumny. I assure you there is nothing of the Shop about us. Britannia's trident is not exactly a yard-measure.

Foreigner.—But still there are certain of your institutions and customs that are worthy of a label in a shop window, and the price, I think, could easily be put upon them.

Englishman.—You must be jesting—but, perhaps you would not mind mentioning just one or two.

Foreigner.—Certainly, and you must tell me frankly if what I advance is true or not. First of all, I am informed that all promotion in your army is to be bought for so much money—that a Lieutenant—a Captain—a General—n'*importe quoi*—is bought with no more difficulty, with less *embarras*, than we should buy a melon, or a *brioche*, or a jar of *cornichons*. I ask you if your Ministry of War is anything better than a big military toy-shop, where grades of all rank, both high and low, are to be purchased at all prices, precisely in the same way as we should purchase in the *Passage des Panoramas* drums, and swords, and cocked hats for our little children to play with. Napoleon did say that the *bâton de marêchal* was in every French soldier's knapsack—but excuse me, with you English, it would seem to be in your father's breeches pocket—the pocket, to be sure, where the gold is kept!

Englishman.—I admit the sarcasm—there is unfortunately some little truth in what you say. But the same traffic—

Foreigner.—Does not exist elsewhere, you will say. Pardon me, once more. How about your Church?

Englishman.—Our Church, Monsieur, is perfectly pure—free from any reproach.

Foreigner.—Oh! excessively pure. There are no traders inside your Temple. How then, pray, comes it that every day "Livings," as you call them, are put up for sale? Tell me, how is it that a Clergyman can go to market as easily as a farmer? and can buy his 200 or 2,000 "souls" with as much facility as the latter can buy as many pigs?—and the chances are, that of the two he would get the souls much cheaper.

Englishman.—I will grant that such things, to our great scandal, do occur occasionally.

Foreigner.—No—not occasionally—but frequently. Your poor parishioners are sold by auction—sold, like your cattle, at so much a hundred. In the East there are slave markets for the body—but in England alone is there a slave-market for the soul. It is most shameful!

Englishman.—You are severe, Monsieur. However, there is no other instance.

Foreigner.—No other! Why, it was but yesterday, that your seats in Parliament were almost openly sold in public. You went to an agent, as you would go to the box-office of a theatre, and the man could tell you at once, to a fraction, what was the price of every seat in the House. The only difference was, you paid more for the *Commons* in the one instance than the other.

Englishman.—But the same practice no longer exists.

Foreigner.—You know that it does—only the commerce is carried on much more secretly. Besides, have you not "Election Committees" almost always sitting to inquire into votes having been sold? Is there not every session some inquiry going on into an election that has been notoriously won by the force of hard money? You must be aware that there are as few "free seats" in your Parliament as there are in your churches. Talking of churches, look at your system of pews—Money!—money!—money!—you can have nothing, unless you pay, as in a shop, so much for it! Your national figure should be drawn like one of our *Dames du Comptoir*, a grand lady that sits at the counter, and makes out the accounts, and sees that everything is properly paid for.

Englishman.—However our Law is free from any suspicion of corruption.

Foreigner.—With pride you may say it, but you know it requires a fortune almost to go to law. Justice is about the dearest thing in England—it is not given, but sold, and sold very dearly. A poor man cannot afford to go to law—he would be ruined before he was heard: more than this, England is about the only country where a husband receives what is called "damages" for his wounded honor—plastering it over, so to say, with bank notes—deriving a profit out of his wife's very shame. Then, tell me, about your Law of Divorce.

Englishman.—I regret to say it is very bad.

Foreigner.—Nothing can well be worse! Why, your rich man for his £2,000 can get his Divorce—but for the poor man there is no hope—his wife may be a confirmed drunkard, a most depraved creature, a lunatic, or a criminal even but still he cannot get rid of her, unless he is in a position to pay the above sum for the liberation. Divorce in your England is a luxury within the reach only of the rich. *Mon pauvre ami*, over the door of most of your Institutions might really be inscribed, as at a place of amusement, "PAY HERE." You pay your money—and you are admitted, and no questions asked. And, yet, you will tell me you are not a "nation of Shopkeepers?"

Englishman.—Excuse me, Monsieur, I would rather not answer any more questions.

Foreigner.—But the facts I have given you prove but too plainly that you are in many respects *une nation de Boutiquiers*, and what is worse, *Shopkeepers for the benefit of the Rich*. You sell your commissions in the army, your livings in the church, your votes at elections, your seats in Parliament, and your pews, and your divorces, and various other commodities, none of which do the poor ever buy, but which are trafficked in, *merchandied*, solely by and for the rich. My dear friend, take a foreigner's advice: "*Fermez la boutique.*" As you would say, "Put up the shutters as quick as possible," or else you will find, one of these beautiful days, when everything else is sold, that the glory of the nation will be "the next article!"

PRETTY GOOD FOR PAT.—The other day the conductor of a train on our railroad discovered an Irishman in a car soon after starting from Rome, and demanded his fare. Pat declared he had no money. The conductor, after lecturing him, told him to leave at the first stopping place, not far distant. Accordingly Pat was one of the first to get off at the next station. But judge of the conductor's surprise and wrath to find him aboard when fairly on the way. "Did I not tell you to get off?" "And sure I did." "Why, then, are you here again?" "And sure did you not say '*all aboard?*'" This was too much for the worthy conductor, and notwithstanding the decree against "dead heads," he was allowed to pass.—*Watertown Sentinel.*

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

A SONG OF THE PEERAGE.

My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an Earl,
His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
His Lordship's forehead is far from wide,
But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
He writes his name with indifferent ease,
He is rather uncertain about the "d's,"—
But what does it matter, if two or one,
To the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went—
Much time he lost, much money he spent;
Rules, and windows, and heads, he broke—
Authorities wink'd—young men will joke!
He never peep'd inside of a book—
In two years' time a degree he took;
And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy came out in the world,
Waists were tighten'd, and ringlets curl'd,
Virgins languish'd, and matrons smil'd—
'Tis true, his Lordship is rather wild;
In very queer places he spends his life,
There's talk of some children, but nobody's wife;
But we mustn't look close into what is done
By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down—
There's a vacant seat in the family town!
(It's time he should sow his eccentric oats)—
He hasn't the wit to apply for votes:
He cannot e'en learn his election speech,
Three phrases he speaks—a mistake in each!
And then breaks down—but the borough is won
For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards,
(The House is a bore) so!—it's on the cards!
My Lord is a Cornet at twenty-three,
A Major at twenty-six is he—
He never drew sword except on drill;
The tricks of parade he has learnt but ill—
A Lieutenant-Colonel at thirty-one
Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son!

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four;
The Earl can last but a few years more
My Lord in the Peers will take his place:
Her Majesty's councils his words will grace.
Office he'll hold, and patronage sway;
Fortunes and lives he will vote away—
And what are his qualifications?—ONE!
He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son!

—*London Diogenes.*

THE LAZY MAN'S PARADISE.

In Lieutenant Gibson's account of his exploration of the Valley of the Amazon, or rather one of its main branches, the Madeira river, (executive document No. 36) from the Pacific side, we find the following account of the daily life of a Creole family in the town of Santa Cruz, the capital of the Bolivian department of that name. For a lazy man, Santa Cruz de Bolivia must be a perfect paradise, to say nothing of the chance a bachelor has of being able to choose a partner in a city where there are five women to one man:

Very early in the morning, the Creole getting out of bed, throws himself into a hammock; his wife stretches herself upon a bench near by, while the children seat themselves with their legs under them on the chairs, all in their night dresses. The Indian servant girl enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family; after which she brings some coals of fire in a silver dish. The wife lights her husband a cigar, then one for herself. Some time is spent reclining, chatting and regaling. The man slowly puts on his cotton trowsers, woollen coat, leather shoes, and vicuna hat, with his neck exposed to the fresh air—silk handkerchiefs are scarce—and walks to some neighbor's, with whom he again drinks some chocolate and smokes another cigar.

At mid-day a small low table is set in the middle of the room, and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next to her husband; the women are very pretty, and affectionate to their husbands. He chooses her from among five, there being about that number of women to one man in the town. The children seat themselves, and the dogs form a ring behind. The first dish is a chupe of potatoes, with large pieces of meat. The man helps himself first, and throws his bones straight across the table; a child dodges his head to give it a free passage, and the dogs rush after it as it falls upon the ground floor. A child then throws his bone, the mother dodges, and the dogs rush behind her. The second dish holds small pieces of beef without bones. Next comes a dish of finely-chopped beef, then beef-soup, vegetables, and fruits; finally, coffee or chocolate. After breakfast the man pulls off his trowsers and coat, and lies down in the hammock. His wife lights him a cigar. She finds her way back to bed with her cigar. The dogs jump up and lie on the chairs—the fleas bite them on the ground! The Indian girl closes both doors and windows, takes the children out to play, while the rest of the family sleep.

At two P. M., the church bells ring to let the people know the priest is saying a prayer for them which rouses them. The man rises, stretches his hands above his head and gapes; the dogs get down and whiningly stretch themselves, while the wife gets up in bed and loudly calls out for fire; the Indian girl re-appears with a "chunk" for her mistress to light her master another cigar, and she smiles again herself. The dinner, which takes place between three and five, is nearly the same as breakfast, except when a beef is recently killed by the Indians, when they have a boil. The ribs and other long bones of the animal are trimmed with flesh, leaving the bones only coated with meat; these are laid across a fire and roasted; the members of the family while employed with them, look as if all were practising music.

A horse is brought into the house by an Indian man, who holds him while "the patron" saddles and bridles him; he then puts on a large pair of silver spurs, which cost forty dollars, and mounting, he rides out of the front door to the opposite house; halting, he takes off his hat and cries out "Buenas, tardes, senoritas"—good evening, ladies. The ladies make their appearance at the door; one lights him a cigar, another mixes him a glass of lemonade, to refresh himself after the ride. He remains in the saddle talking, while they lean gracefully against the door post, smiling with their bewitching eyes. He touches his hat and rides off to another neighbor. After spending the afternoon in this way, he rides into the house again. The Indian holds the horse by the bridle, while the master dismounts. Taking off the saddle, he throws it into one chair, the bridle into another, the spurs on a third, and himself into the hammock; the Indian leads out the horse, the dogs pull down the riding gear to the floor, and lay themselves on their usual bedsteads. Chocolate and cigars are repeated.

WHY THE WEDDING-RING IS PLACED ON THE FOURTH FINGER.—We have remarked on the vulgar error of a vein going from the fourth finger of the left hand to the heart. It is said by Swinburn and others, that therefore it became the wedding-finger. The priesthood kept up this idea by still keeping it as the wedding-finger, but it was got at through the use of the Trinity; for in the ancient ritual of English marriages, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words "In the name of the Father," he then removed it to the forefinger, saying, "In the name of the Son," then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost," finally he left it, as now, on the fourth finger, with the closing word "Amen."

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM OF PRUSSIA.

A highly intelligent American traveller in Prussia, (says the New Orleans Creole,) writing from Berlin, last January, entirely explodes Professor Stowe's and Horace Mann's admiration of the common school system of that much lauded country. He declares that all public education in that tyrant-cursed country is but a subtle instrument of despotism—the object of which is to pay honor and crouch like beasts of burden to the King, and to those of the nobility, who depend upon and cluster about the King.

This correspondent states the following facts in relation to the free school of Berlin:

"My neighbor has a little girl of eight years; she will not send this child to the 'poor' school—that would not be respectable—so she pays $10 (of our money) a year that she may attend a public city school of a higher grade. Could she afford to pay a little more, then the child might attend a different public school, and be taught more. So you see the famous public schools of Prussia, so superior to all others, are free to all such as can pay in addition to their taxes, and that different schools have their different prices—so that the shoemaker's daughter can be excluded from that public school where a 'von' sends his. But certainly, Prussia compels every parent to send his children to school. Yes, if the woodsawyer in our cellar—to whom the American in our street gave the means to bury his dead wife with decency—keeps his children from school to help him earn the means of buying his loaf of black bread and pound of hog's fat for butter, which was their only subsistence for weeks at a time, the constable comes and carries them off. The death of that poor woman, by the way, was four years ago this winter. One daughter was then fifteen, another twelve; both are now ruined; the oldest I saw recently in the hospital, a wreck. It was a question of starvation for them and their old father! But no constable troubles the rich man's child."

Of the college students he says:

"These do not go to the common schools. Great numbers of them go to the universities, and used to be—seldom now!—distinguished for their loud talk about freedom, the rights of man, and the like; and in these causes they have labored manfully, by wearing outlandish hats, huge ugly boots, and cultivating, as much as possible, huge beards. In the sacred cause of liberty, what heroic deeds have these people in times past not performed, upon paper and upon barrels of beer!"

PHYSICAL MORALITY.

The word of God, in specific language or in implied direction, commands a life of temperance in food and beverage, a strict restraint upon the licentious appetites, regular industry and labor, cleanliness of person and apparel, and observance of frequent days of rest. The general moral sense of mankind has given to most of these rules an independent sanction. Now, although the result of such physical morality is not the sole object of its injunction in Scripture, nor are all the consequences clearly foreseen, where the unaided moral sense enjoins it; yet the sure tendency of such observances is to bring the entire body to that state where all its parts of blood and bone and muscle, of sensitive nerve and organic functions, are fitted in their separate and mutual action to give the frame its highest powers of strength and endurance, and fitness for all the peculiar purposes of existence; and in the mere physical consciousness of this healthful existence, there is a physical happiness. It is not merely the absence of pain and uneasiness, but a positive feeling of buoyancy and exhilaration. And just in proportion as those laws are not observed, there is a corresponding loss of their physical rewards, and a gradual sinking into positive suffering and disease. Even as we walk the streets we meet with illustrations of each extreme. Here behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor threescore and ten years seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, his undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair complexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vinter's cesspool; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the positions of the distiller or tobacconist. Enjoying his powers to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. Despite the moral of the schoolboy's story, he has eaten his cake and still kept it. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, transplanted from earth to a better world without the sting of death.—*Mercein's Natural Goodness.*

INDIAN MUMMIES.—Geo. C. Bates writes to the Detroit Advertiser, that the great mystery among the Savans of the world—to wit: By whatever process of art or skill in science the Mummies found in the Pyramids of Egypt have been preserved, and in which modern skill has exhausted all its resources in fruitless efforts to analyze, is known on the shores of the Pacific, among the wandering races of the Chinooks and the Flatheads. These rude savages understand and practice this art with as much success as attended the efforts of the ancient Egyptians. Mr. Bates says:—At the famous depository for the farmers of California, on Montgomery street, there are two specimens which are well calculated to arouse the attention of the reflecting, and show how intimate, after all, are the relations of the past and the future. The former of these is a Flathead mummy, found in his canoe on the shores of Puget's Sound, in a perfect state of preservation. Those who have seen the Egyptian mummy would be utterly astonished at the exact similitude, save in the conformation of the subject. The forehead of the skull has been evidently depressed by outward mechanical appliances, but in all else, it is the mummy of a Pyramid, in a perfect state of preservation. The eye balls are still round under the lid; the teeth, the muscles and the tendons perfect; the veins injected with some preserving liquid, the bowels, stomach and liver dried up, but not decayed, all perfectly preserved. The very blanket that entwines him, made of some threads of bark and saturated with a pitchy substance, is entire. The inner canoe in which he was found was entirely decayed, and the outer one was nearly gone, yet the body was evidently just as it was prepared by the embalmer; and, although exposed now to the open air, it shows no sign of decomposition. It would seem as if prepared for all coming time. Where these wanderers of the desert learned this art, is a query over which the wise may ponder; and those who are skilled in such things will find food for thought in the strange specimen picked up near the disputed boundary on our western frontier.

GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN. The following excellent advice is taken from the address delivered before the graduating class of Rutger's College, by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen:

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may, live above work and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society is the man whose mind has been trained by the discipline of education, who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these notable faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no influence over the public mind; with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift, and no effort to put forth to help the right or defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And, however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go into hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that

"If your country stand not by your skill,
At least your follies have not wrought her fall."

THE WORD "ITS."—Through the whole of our authorised version of the Bible "its" does not once occur; the work which it now performs being accomplished by "his" or "her" applied as freely to inanimate things as to the persons, or else by "there of" or "of it." Trench remarks that "its" occurs but three times in all Shakspeare, and he doubts whether it is in Paradise Lost.—*Lowell Courier.*

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.—The Chinese are said to have labored for centuries under great embarrassment, from not knowing how to make a barrel. They could without any difficulty make the staves, set them up, and hoop them in; and, indeed, with the help of a man inside, they could put the second head on; but how to get the man out after the barrel was headed—that was the question.

PASSING CLOUDS.

Where are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh, doubting heart!
Far o'er the purple seas,
They wait in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh, doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?
Oh, doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quench'd in night,
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

—*Household Words.*

Wit and Humor.

WHAT CAN BE DONE BY STRONG HINTING.—Mrs. Hogan and her husband were neither of them over fond of work. They were perfectly willing to live upon the generosity of their neighbors, which they were by no means backward in soliciting.

One day Mrs. Hogan dropped into Mrs. Farnham's, her next door neighbor, just as the family were sitting down to supper. Of course she was invited to sit down.

"Your tea's very good," said she; "I wish Mr. Hogan was here. He's very fond of tea, but we're very poor, and can't afford to get it—it's so expensive."

This hint was considered rather a strong one, so Mrs. Farnham handed Mrs. Hogan just as she was going, a pound parcel.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Hogan; "I'm glad to get the tea, but 'taint of much use without the milk."

A quart of milk was consigned to her charge.

"Well," says she, "now if we had some sugar we would be provided."

Mrs. Farnham procured a pound and gave it to her.

"Now," said Mrs. Hogan, "we shall stand a chance to have a good cup of tea. There is nothing relished with tea like apple-pie, as Mr. Hogan often says."

This hint was thought strong enough to draw out the article desired.

"After all," said Mrs. Hogan, as she took the pie into her hands, "pie ain't pie unless a body has cheese to eat with it. If there's anything I love, it's cheese."

It was impossible to resist such an appeal as this. An ample slice having been placed in her possession, she paused for a moment, as if considering whether there was not something else she might call for. Failing to think of anything, she was about to move off, when a thought struck her—

"These things are rather heavy, and I ain't so strong as I used to be. I don't know as I shall be able to get home."

Mrs. Farnham volunteered to send her son John to carry a part of the articles—an offer which Mrs. Hogan accepted without the least hesitation. When John had landed his load, Mrs. Hogan hinted that she had got some wood she would like to have split, but John didn't believe in hints, and left without taking it.

HINTS FOR MARRIAGEABLE LADIES.—If a man wipe his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, snuff them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man put his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast or Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears goloeshoes, and is careful about wrapping himself up well before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love. But the man who, when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.—*London Punch.*

AN UNFORTUNATE ROOSTER.—There are objections to Shanghais, no doubt, but we had never thought of this. It is very curious, but it is true. The way of it was this: Mr. S——, an old resident of Stillwater, on the upper Hudson, introduced among his family of hens a few Shanghais, including a rooster, of formidable dimensions, who had "run to legs" a good deal. His crow was peculiar, and easily distinguished from that of the other cocks. One morning he had waited to hear a repetition of the usual summons, after being aroused by the "shrill clarion" once sounded, but he heard it not again. The other roosters were doing their best, but the pre-eminent chanticleer was still. Mr. S—— went out to see what had caused the silence. He found the rooster lying on his back, with both legs out of joint. After an examination, he set both legs; the cock walked off, and gave vent to his satisfaction in a lusty crow. In the very act he dropped as if he had been shot. He had crowed his legs out again! He was kept three or four days, and then killed. "It was too much trouble," said Mr. S——, "to set him up every time he crowed!"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

WHERE'S JACK?—While Judge Johnson was in the most interesting part of his argument yesterday, he suddenly stopped short, and said:

"Where's Jack? This stone floor is too cold for my feet. Jack, heat me a board."

Amid the laughter which followed, Jack, the Messenger, heated the board for the gentleman to stand upon. Fixing himself upon it, the Judge remarked that he hoped the ladies would not think he was growing old. Though his extremities would get cold, he could assure them that he had warm blood in his heart.—He proceeded with his argument, and in the midst of a beautiful appeal to the jury abruptly remarked—

"Why, Jack, you have made the board too hot; you are burning my boots."

The laugh which followed was boisterous.—*Cincinnati Times.*

ADOLPHUS GETS INSPIRED.—"Dearest, I will build thee a cot all covered with ivy, in some secluded vale, close by a purling brook, meandering over its pebbly bottom incessant babbling in dulcet tinkling strains 'love, love, love,' where the atmosphere is redolent of soothing, spicy aromas, that make the eyes languish, and the heart dissolve in liquid fires of love—where the balmy morning zephyrs sigh in the dense forest's leafy maze, chanting love's melody—where the tiny songsters that whirl in ethereal space, warble naught but love. I will plant thee a garden of gorgeous loveliness, culled from nature's most ardent designs, warmest tints, and sweet smelling incense."

"Dolphy, dear, don't forget to leave a patch for cowcumbers and inyuns—they're so nice pickled."

TOO GOOD.—The Northampton *Gazette* tells the following:

"A friend of ours glories in a ray of sunshine—a little girl—a bright, lively little prattler, scarcely three years old. She has recently lost a younger sister by death, and the remark, so common on such occasions, that 'she was too good for earth and God took her,' was made in her hearing. A few days since, her mother having occasion to reprove her for some misdemeanor, told her she must be good; she replied, 'If I am too good, mamma, God will take me away as he did little Katy.'"

SCOTCH CAUTION.—At the Newcastle Quarter Sessions a question arose whether the building occupied by a Scotch draper was a shop, or simply a house? The Recorder, Mr. Digby Seymour, asked him by way of test:—"If I were to walk in, and ask you for a yard of silk, would you sell it me?"

The canny Scot replied:—"That would depend upon whether I thought I could trust ye." (Roars of laughter.)

Agricultural.

SPAIN'S PATENT ATMOSPHERIC BARREL CHURN.

At this season of the year, when grass butter comes into play, a good churn is an object of interest, not only to the dairyman, but to every lover of this almost indispensable article for the table. A vast deal of time and ingenuity have been expended in the construction of a churn, to which the title of "*best*" might be honestly given. One after another, candidates for this distinguished honor have presented themselves, but comparatively few of the churns offered have stood the test of public trial for more than a season or two. The one represented in the above illustration, was patented in 1847, by E. Spain, of Philadelphia, and since that time has gone on gradually increasing in favor, until at this moment it is regarded by many as "*the churn.*" It is so constructed that the reel or dasher can be removed entire from the inside of the churn, by simply unscrewing the handle of the dasher, and raising the screw end to the square of the opening on the top. The peculiar construction of the dasher agitates the cream in the centre as well as at the sides, giving it a rotary motion, and preventing it from revolving with the dasher after it becomes thick. It also gathers the butter quicker and better. The lid has tubes for the purpose of admitting fresh air to the cream (which is all important), and of permitting the escape of the gas which is generated in the operation of churning, and which, unless permitted to escape, taints the butter with an unpleasant taste. After churning the dashers can be removed in a moment, by which perfect cleanliness, (the soul of dairying) is secured. Thousands of these excellent churns are now manufactured in our city, and the best recommendation which can be given them, is the fact that in the dairying region around Philadelphia, (where perhaps the finest butter in the world is made) this churn is more extensively used than any other.

Paschall Morris & Co., of this city, are the sole manufacturers.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE DROUGHT OF 1854.

Now, perhaps, is as proper a time as any, to gather up and repeat some of the admonitions given us by the terrible drought of last year. Ohio is poorer to-day, by millions of dollars, than she would have been, had the crop of 1854 been as great as usual. It is well then, that her farmers should draw as much instruction as possible from the stroke that has fallen so heavily on them. Indeed, if all of them are heeded, the loss may in time be made up by the wisdom it has imparted.

Much of the benefit to be derived from the following suggestions may be lost, because several years may pass before another dry season occurs. Yet many persons will heed them, and find it money in their pockets to do so.

1. In dry weather, *be careful about setting fires at all out of doors.* Careless farmers, hunters, smokers, sportsmen, railroad men, and persons engaged in clearing land, have wittingly or unwittingly set fires, which, when the whole country was a tinder box, have melted thousands of dollars worth of property to ashes, and imperilled, in many cases, human life itself. Never set fires, or carry fire out of doors, in dry weather, without the greatest caution.

2. *Early planting and sowing will prevent, to a great extent, the effects of drought, by giving the crops an early growth,* before the dry weather comes on. Last year, those meadows that were allowed to start early, yielded, in most cases, an average crop of hay; and corn planted early, was far better than the same grain planted late. To enable the farmer to plant and sow easily on clay soils, drainage, sub-soil ploughing, and ploughing the fall before, should—some, or all of them—be practised. If the crops on the Western Reserve could have been well in the ground, before the great rain in May, 1854, thousands of cattle and sheep, whose carcasses are now decaying, might have been alive and prospering.

3. *Early and thorough tilth* might have saved many a crop of corn and potatoes. The farmer waited too long, and the drought came and burned everything up.

4. *No time should be lost, in providing a generous supply of wells and cisterns, for houses and barns, and of reservoirs, ponds, and water tanks, for gardens and pastures.* How much suffering in man and beast—how many losses by fire—how much sickness, might have been avoided last year, had this been attended to! My friend, spend fifty or a hundred dollars in these ways, and save five hundred, or a thousand thereby, in the next ten years.

5. The experience of the last year, is invaluable, in regard to the *thorough planting and watering of trees.* Those trees and shrubs which were well planted on well prepared soil and thoroughly watered, now and then, during the severest drought, lived, in most cases, and did well. Nine-tenths of those that were otherwise dealt by perished. By a little extra care, nearly all were saved, even last year. In other cases, a little carelessness involved a heavy loss. To this we can testify from personal knowledge.

6. The drought teaches a lesson, too, in regard to a *variety of crops.* Unless the soil admits of but one kind of crop—which is rarely the case—the farmer should not stake his all, we think, on a single crop. Independence is a good thing, both nationally and individually. And while we would not recommend the farmers of the North to grow oranges, nor those of Louisiana to grow wheat, to illustrate their independence, we do think that many farmers are suffering now, because their crops last year were not various enough. We admit that, in many cases, *every* thing failed. In many others, however, a portion of the loss might have been saved, had a suitable variety of crops been seasonably and carefully put in.

7. Does not the last year suggest a wise caution against *selling out one's entire supply of hay and grain?* In our boyhood, we used to hear old farmers say, "Keep a considerable quantity of hay and grain over. It is better than money at interest." We recollect that we doubted the truth of the remark. The experience of the last winter has, we fancy, convinced many others, who have been skeptical on this matter, of the good sense which dictated the injunction. Had it been acted upon in the winters of 1853 and '54, we should not be suffering now from the distress, which amounts almost to a famine, even among the producers of bread.

8. The drought of 1854, along with the winter that has followed it, impresses this lesson, too. *Limit your stock to your actual supply of food.* It was the farmers' hope, that the winter would be light. This hope was natural, but the terrible winter has shown how delusive it was. Drive your stock to a region where food is plenty and cheap—sell it off at the lowest prices—kill it, and get what you can for the carcase and the hide—or secure, even at heavy prices, the necessary food for it; making provision for a long and severe winter. Adopt, we say, some one of these courses. But do not enter on the winter without in some way limiting your stock to your supply of food.

9. The last year teaches a lesson, too, about *husbanding the supply one has.* Many millions of tons of coarse fodder have been *wasted*, in the last few years, which, if judiciously used in its time, would have left enough of good food, to keep, we think, the entire stock of Ohio during the past winter. Or, a part of this coarse fodder might have been stacked out at small expense, and saved for just such an emergency as this. Grain may be purchased, and stock may be fed on it. But the animals need something besides. And where hay is wanting, straw or stalks are far better than nothing. A farmer in Summit county had a large and very valuable flock of sheep. He tried to keep them on corn, and furnished it to them plentifully. On the 1st of March, a large portion of the flock was dead. He imputed the mortality to the lack of coarse food. He was doubtless right, in part at least.

But we must stop. Our note-book contains quite a list of topics, on this subject, which might fill another column. They would be valuable, but we cannot present them now.

Some of our readers may say: "All this is very true; but it is only an application of the old proverb, 'when the steed is stolen, lock the stable door.'" We admit the full force of this maxim. But if, when the steed is stolen, we *form the habit* of locking the stable door, we may prevent an equally valuable steed being stolen another time. Experience is a stern teacher. It is the highest wisdom to "*foresee the evil, and hide one's self.*" It is the next highest, when once burnt, to let that suffice, and avoid the fire ever thereafter.—*Ohio Farmer.*

MILK SICKNESS.—Mr. Editor—I see in the Post of the 14th ult., a short piece about milk sickness, in which the author recommends good feeding for cows as a preventive. There is no doubt that it is a good remedy, and I will try to give you a better one, as every one has not at all times plenty of feed—and besides, in a good grass country like this (Kentucky) cattle can get plenty to eat in pastures, during summer. No cows will give milk sickness in any country, no matter how prevalent the evil, if they are kept in a lot, or in some place where there is no vegetation, and not let out until the dew is all gone in the morning. I am well convinced that the cause of milk sickness is some mineral which is under the surface of the earth, from which a poisonous effluvia arises and settles on all vegetation in its vicinity, and will kill any stock that may eat it. It is a well-known fact that after the land is ploughed and set in grass, milk sickness is avoided. The reason is plain—for the grass roots so mat the ground, that this poison can't get through, except in a very wet season or a very dry one. Last summer milk sickness was very prevalent, and there were many cases in my neighborhood—the first for many years. This was caused by the great cracks in the earth, giving facilities for the poison to ascend. This is my theory and opinion from experience.

A SUBSCRIBER.

WHEN TO CUT ASPARAGUS.—As the season for this delicious vegetable is at hand, permit me to call the attention of your readers to a point which I consider of the greatest importance, where asparagus in all its glory is desired. It is the usual practice with professed gardeners, as well as with those who are not, to secure for the table, asparagus, the stems of which are as thoroughly bleached as possible. That this should be the course of the market gardener is not surprising, but that the lovers of asparagus have not long since discovered their error, is somewhat singular. Asparagus should never be cut until the stems have had sufficient exposure to the atmosphere to become green. When cut earlier, the fibrous woody matter of the white or bleached part is not only tasteless, but absolutely uneatable. The true asparagus flavor, as well as the tenderness which constitutes the glory of this vegetable, are both lost, when it is served up in the bleached condition referred to. So long as the crowns are not expanded, and the stems are not fibrous and tough, but break like a snap-short bean, asparagus is fit for the table. If it is desired to preserve the fresh green color of the plant when served at table, a very small quantity of saleratus added to the water in which it is to be boiled, will accomplish the object.—B. F. L., *in Progressive Farmer.*

MULCHING WITH WOOD-SHAVINGS.—E. Hersey, in the New England Farmer, recommends wood-shavings as a mulch for young orchards. He says:—

Having a few fruit trees set on a barren knoll, which, although they had yearly received a liberal mulching with grass, assumed the appearance of premature decay, and in fact had already taken the down hill course, I resolved to try the effect of mulching with shavings. Around each tree I put two barrels of shavings, within a circle of eight feet in diameter, leaving a small space between the shavings and the tree to be filled with fresh earth. To keep the shavings snug, a thin coat of grass was spread over the whole.

To fully test the experiment, a part of the trees were treated the same as they had formerly been. After the lapse of one year, (which was last year,) those trees mulched with shavings, put out vigorous shoots, and their dark green foliage could be easily distinguished from the others at a great distance.

So well satisfied was I with the result, I last year used upwards of a hundred barrels, which has proved equally beneficial to the trees, while the first I mulched continued to thrive even beyond my expectations.

AN ANTIDOTE TO THE POTATO-ROT.—Professor Bollman, of the Russian Agricultural Institute, has published a pamphlet on the potato-rot, and he announces to the world that mere drying, if conducted at a sufficiently high temperature, and continued long enough, is a complete antidote to the disease. This result was ascertained by repeated experience conducted for a series of years. The temperature required to produce the desired result is not very clearly made out. Mr. Bollman's room, in which his first potatoes were dried, was heated to about 72 degrees, and much higher. By way of experiment he placed others in the chamber of the stove itself, where the thermometer stood at 136 degrees, and more. He also ascertained that the vitality of the potato is not affected even if the rind is charred. This hint may be useful, and with similar experiments, carefully conducted, the fact may be established.

ROTTED AND UNROTTED MANURE.—For coarse, or field crops, the *best* manure I ever used, was a compost of bones, meat, and sawdust. The second best was new horse manure; the third best, cow manure; the fourth best, old rotted manure, from six months to three years old. The chemical points I have not examined, but I have closely watched the result in growing corn, potatoes, wheat, and other crops. Clear dry straw and corn-stalks are of no use. Manure becomes damaged by exposure to the air, as fast as hay or grain. The liquor which leaches from a manure heap, is the principal of the manure. Two or three pails of this liquor, leached out of a load of manure, are equal to the remainder of the load.—*Correspondence of Ohio Farmer.*

CORN COBS.—Permit us to advise you not to sell your corn on the cob, but have it shelled, and keep the cobs for your cattle. By crushing and steaming the cobs, when mixed with cut straw or hay, they make an admirable mess for dry cattle, and if a quart of meal be added to each mess given, and made into slop, a milch cow will thrive well, and contribute generously to the pail.—*American Farmer.*

The Olio.

WHAT ADDISON THOUGHT OF HEAD-DRESSES.—I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light; in short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbons, and bone-lace.

LITERATURE IN BOSTON.—There is a good deal of reading of rather anomalous literature at the present day, but the Boston correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent City is ahead of our information with regard to its details. He exclaims: "What an extraordinary rage for New England novels there is at present, particularly by young ladies—Lamplighters, Newsboys, Watchmen, &c. One firm in this city has forty-eight girls constantly employed in a room over the store writing romances. Some of the ladies earn as much as two dollars per week, and are regularly employed. From private sources, and by a little breach of confidence, I am enabled to give you the names of some of the new works, and you may expect to see shortly in the paper: 'In the press and shortly to appear, 500,000,000,000 copies already ordered. The Hackman of Boston, The Waiter of Boston, The Barber of Boston, The Baker of Boston, The Optical Instrument Maker of Boston, The Poor Clerk with a Wife and Large Family of Boston,' and many more, the names of which I have not."

THE RIGHT.—In the economy of God, no effort, however small, put forth for the right cause, fails of its effect. No voice, however feeble, lifted up for truth, ever dies amidst the confused noises of time. Through discords of Sin and Sorrow, Pain and Wrong, it rises, a deathless melody, whose notes of wailing are hereafter to be changed to those of triumph, as they blend with the Great Harmony of a reconciled Universe.—*Whittier.*

☞ Quoth Patrick of the Yankee, "Bedad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next morning and go round selling maps to the inhabitants."

For Housekeepers.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—A pint and a half of yellow Indian meal sifted. A handful of wheat flour. A quarter of a pound of fresh butter. A quart of milk. Four eggs. A very small teaspoonful of salt. Put the milk in a saucepan. Cut the butter into it. Set it over the fire, and warm it until the butter is very soft, but not until it melts. Then take it off, stir it well till all is mixed, and set it away to cool. Beat four eggs very light; and when the milk is cold, stir them into it alternately with the meal, a little at a time of each. Add the salt. Beat the whole very hard after it is all mixed. Then butter some muffin-rings on the inside. Set them in a hot oven, or on a hot griddle; pour some of the batter into each, and bake the muffins well. Send them to table, continuing to bake while a fresh supply is wanted. Pull them open with your fingers, and eat them with butter, to which you may add molasses or honey.—*Farm Journal.*

BEST BREAD.—The best bread is that made of *unbolted wheat flour*. In some cases a small portion of white bread may be desirable, but the brown, after a short time, will be found more palatable, and conducive to a more regular and healthy condition of the system. It has been ascertained that even dogs can live over fifty days fed upon fine flour bread and water; when fed upon such as contains the whole or a large portion of the bran, they are found in no respect to suffer.—*Water-Cure Journal.*

A CURE FOR FELONS.—Within the past year we have known the spinal marrow of an ox or cow applied by three different persons, with the most satisfactory results, in relieving the pain and securing a speedy cure of their felons. This, we are confident, will be very useful information to many persons. The spinal marrow should be applied fresh every four hours for two days.—*Scientific American.*

CAKES FOR BREAKFAST.—At night put two or three slices of light bread, broken fine, to soak in a pint and a half of milk; in the morning mash it well, and add three eggs and flour to make a batter, with the addition of another half pint of milk; bake as usual. They are very light. Should be sent hot to the table.

SPONGE CAKE.—Thirteen eggs, 1¼ pounds of sugar, ¾ lb. of flour, the rind of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice. The eggs should be beaten a long time, and the sugar should be put gradually into the egg. The nicest sugar should be used for sponge cake. The tin in which the cake is to be baked should be lined with a hard paste made of flour and water, rolled out very thin. The flour should be added just as it goes into the oven, and the cake should be stirred as little as possible after the flour is put in.—*American Agriculturist.*

[illegible]

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

CURIOSITIES.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]